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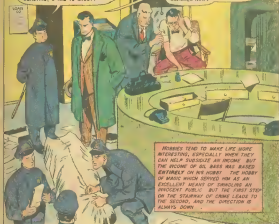


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CARDSHARK'S SUCKER BAIT

YEP, IT'S OL' BASS ALL RIGHT! I WOULD'VE PREFERRED THOUGHT HIM ALIVE, MR. WALTERS, BUT WHEN HE STARTED BLASTING, I HAD TO SHOOT!

STRANGER? HE LEARNED EVERYTHING HE KNEW FROM READING MY BOOKS! WELL, THE PUBLIC'S SAFE FROM HIS RETAPPOUS SCHEMES NOW!



HOBBERY TEND TO MAKE LIFE MORE INTERESTING, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY CAN HELP SUBSIDIZE AN INCOME! BUT THE INCOME OF OL' BASS WAS BASED ENTIRELY ON HIS HOBBY! THE HOBBY OF MAGIC WHICH SERVED HIM AS AN EXCELLENT MEANS OF DROWNING AN INNOCENT PUBLIC! BUT THE FIRST STEP ON THE STAIRWAY OF CRIME LEADS TO THE SECOND, AND THE DIRECTION IS ALWAYS DOWN!

I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN WITH THE F.B.I. AND THAT YOU WROTE A BOOK EXPOSING ALL KINDS OF FRAUDS, BUT WHERE DOES OL' BASS ENTER THE PICTURE?

IT STARTED MANY YEARS BACK WHEN BASS WAS A KID! HE WENT TO A SATURDAY MATINEE ONE DAY.



THERE WAS A MAGICIAN ON THE BILL, AN EXPERT AT SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.

WATCH CAREFULLY NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE! WATCH CAREFULLY!

BOY! HE'S GREAT! I'VE GOTTA TRY THAT TRICK!



IT WAS PURE CHANCE THAT YOUNG BASS BOON FOUND MY BOOK.

BUT THIS BOOK WOULD SUIT YOUR PURPOSES MUCH BETTER!

HAHA! I'LL TAKE THIS ONE! IT SOUNDS MORE INTERESTING!



WHAT'S THAT? ONLY IN GAMES IN THE DECK? OH, HERE'S THE ONE THAT'S MISSING RIGHT UP HERE IN THE AIR! HA HA! IT'S PERFECT! WAIT'LL THE GANG GETS A LOAD OF THIS TACK! THIS GUY IS A GREAT BOOK!



IN A FEW YEARS LATER, IN HIS SENIOR YEAR AT HIGH SCHOOL.

SAY, GU, THEY'VE JUST OPENED AN EMPLOYMENT SERVICE FOR GRADUATES! SINCE WE'RE GRADUATING NEXT WEEK, HOW ABOUT LOOKING FOR A JOB WITH ME?



BASS BOON FOUND HIS OPENING IN A BRAWLING HOUSE.

TRICK DEALER, EH? MY PLACE HAS A GOOD REPUTATION. TA-KNOW, LEGITIMATE! I DON'T LIKE TO TAKE CHANCES, BUT

DON'T WORRY! I'M SMART! I WON'T OVERDO IT!



BUT AT THIS TIME, A NEWLY-ELECTED MAYOR DECIDED TO ENFORCE THE BRAWLING LAWS.

ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST! STAND RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

WHAT THE JUST WHEN? SET A COUPLE OF GUARDS LINED UP!



IT'S GONNA BE PRETTY TIGHT FROM HERE ON IN! THEY'LL KEEP BASS! US TILL THE BOSS CLOSERS UP SHOP!

THAT DON'T WORRY ME? I'M OUTTIN' AS OF RIGHT NOW! I GOT MYSELF A NEW ANGLE. WHERE THERE YOU'N BE MY WORRIES ABOUT BOM' BARRON?



THE NEXT MORNING.

ANY ROOM FOR ME IN YOUR "NEW ANGLE"?

MIGHT BE? I FIGURE I'LL NEED TWO GUYS TO DO A NICE CON JOB ON A Sucker! YOU KNOW, ROPE HIM INTO A NICE FRIENDLY POKER GAME! LET'S GET OUR FINE AND GET OUT OF HERE!



"WITH HIS TWO COHORTS, VAN SWEET AND HARRY TURNER, BOB BASS BOOED PASSAGE ON A LUXURY LINER."



"THE NEXT DAY, SWEET BEGAN OPERATIONS."



"NOT WISHING TO APPEAR A BAD SPORT IN THE EYES OF SHERFF AND TURNER, WHOSE AFFILIATION WITH BASS HE STILL DON'T REALIZE, THE SUCKER GAVE BASS HIS CHECK, BOY."

STOP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? DON'T BURN IT!

BUT I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT IT! YOU DON'T REALIZE



"OF COURSE THE SUCKER HAD GOT A SECOND CHECK..."

DON'T ACT LIKE A FOOL! YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ME IF YOU'D HAVE LOST! I INSIST THAT YOU ACCEPT IT!

VERY WELL, BUT I CAN'T HELP FEELING BUILT ABOUT IT!



BUT AT THE END OF THE MONTH WHEN THE SUCKER RECEIVED HIS BASS STATEMENT, HE GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE

WHAT'S THIS? TWO CHECKS FOR \$10,000 BOTH CASHED BY THAT DROG? THEN HE DON'T BURN THE FIRST ONE! HE USED A PIECE OF SCRAP PAPER, SLEIGHT OF HAND! WHAT A FOOL I WAS!



WATHER THEY GO TO THE POLICE AND LOSE FACE SOME OF BASS'S SUCKERS REMAINED SILENT OTHERS MERELY REPORTED HIM TO THE STEAMSHIP OFFICE! FINALLY, BANISHED BY SEVERAL SHIPWAYS, BASS RESORTED TO FLOATING CRAP GAMES AND CARD GAMES IN WINDHOL ASH TOWN ON TITL



WAIT A MINUTE, MISTER! WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR? I SAW YOU FIRM THAT ACE OF SPADES!

RELAX, PELL! THIS HERE'S AN HONEST GAME! HE WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!

OH OH! HE'S WISE TO ME!



I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE TREAT YOUR KIND BACK IN TEXAS! I'LL... HEY!

WATCH OUT, BOY! HE'S PACKIN' A POKY!



BEFORE HE COULD RECOVER HIS SALANCE, BASS HAD LEAPED FORWARD AND STRAINED TO WHIST THE SON FROM THE SETTING WESTERNER

A RECKON UGH! SAGGHHH?

THAT'S IT, KICK! EAT YOUR OWN LEAD!





"IT WAS A TRICK OF FATE THAT THE 'SUCKER' TURNED OUT TO BE HIMSELF! THE MAN WHO WROTE THE BOOK BASB LEARNED FROM! I RECOGNIZED BASB AT ONCE FROM HENDER'S GALLERY PHOTOGRAPHS. . ."



"GAM! I'M SORRY! I KNOCKED OVER YOUR DRINK!"

"JUST AN ACCIDENT! I'LL PICK IT UP!"



"KNOCKING OVER THAT DRINK WAS DELIBERATELY DESIGNED TO THROW BASB OFF. MY TRAINED EYE HAD BEEN ALERT ENOUGH TO CATCH HIM SLIPPING AN ACE OF HEARTS UP HIS SLEEVE. AND SO . . ."

"AND BASB DIDN'T FEEL A THING!"

"I'VE GOT IT!"



"HENDER WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT ACE OF HEARTS? WELL, THREE OF 'EM DROPPED. TAKE THE FIRST ONE, FOR . . ."

"OH, READ 'EM AND WEEP. . . THREE BULLETS!"



"I'M AFRAID YOU'RE THE WEEPER! I HAVE A ROYAL FLUSH IN HEARTS!"

"THAT ACE? YOU BET THAT ACE?"

"WHY, RIGHT OUT OF YOUR SLEEVE WHERE YOU PUT IT, OF COURSE! YOUR TRICKS ARE OLD, BASB! YOU SEE, I WROTE THE BOOK THAT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY READ!"



"HAD I BEEN AWARE OF HOW DANGEROUS A MAN BASB WAS, I WOULDN'T HAVE SPOKEN. IN THE NEXT INSTANT. . ."

"OH, YEAH? WELL, THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF DICKS, WISE GUY!"



"Toss him out! HE WON'T BE MISSED FOR AWHILE, AND IT'LL BE DAYS BEFORE THEY FIND HIS BODY! BY THAT TIME WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!"

"WHERE? WAS SURE SOARED FOR A MINUTE!"



Fortunately, I was far from dead. Just battered up badly. The three thugs arrived in Reno.



IS THIS A RENO? NICE WEATHER! I THINK I'M GONNA LIKE IT HERE!

IN A WEEK I'LL OWN HALF OF THIS BURN!

But as Bass made the rounds that night, he received quite a jolt.



I'M SORRY, BUT I HAVE ORDERS NOT TO ADMIT YOU HERE, MAC.

YOU AIN'T COMIN' IN HERE, MAC. BEAT IT!

TO SEE THIS, MAC? IT'S A CIRCULAR WITH YOUR PICTURE ON IT! AND IT SAYS YOU'RE A CROOK! THAT'S WHY YOU CAN'T COME IN!

SO WE'RE BARRED FROM RENO! WATCHER PACKIN' FART! WHERE WE GOIN'?



BACK TO NEW YORK! IT'S THEN. BETER COPS THAT PUT 'EM WISE TO ME HERE! WELL, I'M REALLY GONNA OPERATE WHEN I GET BACK!

"THE BOYS HEADED EAST BY AIRLINER. BY THE TIME, I'D BEEN FOUND AND TOLD BY STORY AN ALARM WENT OUT AND THE PILOT WAS INFORMED BY RADIO..."



YOU MEN ARE UNDER ARREST! YOU'LL BE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY WHEN WE LAND!

WE GOT OTHER IDEAS, PAL! NOW JUST LAMP THIS CRATE ON THAT PARRI DOWN BELOW OR I'LL BLOW YOUR HEAD OFF!

When Bass threatened the lives of the other passengers, the pilot had no choice but to comply.

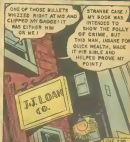


I DON'T SET IT! WHY ARE THERE ORDERS OUT TO PICK US UP?

THAT OUT ON THE TRAIN! HAPPE WE DON'T CROOK!

BY NOW THAT PILOT'S BEAT WORK OUT AND EVERY COP KNOWS ABOUT US FOR MILES AROUND! PROBABLY SO THE PAGES BLOCKED TODAY! WELL, I'VE GOT AN ACE UP MY SLEEVE!





WIN, PLACE, AND Showdown



"SURE, STEVE. I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY. YOU KNOW, THE WORLD IS SPARKLED WITH MICKY FOADS. . . MEN WHO MADE THEIR OWN RULES FOR THE GAME. COMMANDMENTS OF CRIME AS PROMY AND ALER AS A LEAD MICKY. A MAN DOESN'T ALWAYS HAVE TO TOTE A GUN TO BE TAGGED A CRIMINAL. SOMETIMES ALL THEY NEED IS A GRAIN LOIST FOR EASY MONEY, EVEN IF IT MEANS MURDER. . . AND MICKY TODAY WAS THAT FINE OF A GUY."

"IT STARTED IN AN ALLEYWAY ON 10TH STREET, IN THE MOON, BACK IN JUNE OF 1945. FIST-HAPPY MICKY, A BET COLLECTOR FOR BOOZE BAND BARRON, WAS PLAYING HIS TRADE. . . COLLECTING!"



"MICKY WAS BOOKED ON A CHARGE OF FELONY ASSAULT. BUT TEN DAYS LATER HE WAS OUT OF JAIL... A FINE MAN!

RAND BARRON PAID OFF YOUR VICTIM? HE DROPPED THE CHARGES?

GOOD OLD RAND! AND NOW HE WANTS TO SEE ME PERSONALLY, ENF RAND'S ONLY BY ME!



LATER...

GEE, RAND, I WANNA THANK YOU...

KEEP YOUR DIRTY Paws OFF ME, YOU SLUG-HAPPY EX-CON! ALL RIGHT, BOYS! GIVE HIM A LESSON!



WHEN I HIRED YOU, I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO GO AROUND NEARLY KILLING MY CUSTOMERS! YOUR TEMPER COST ME FIVE GRAND! YOU'RE THROUGH HERE!

HEY! BOW!



THROW THE BUN OUT WITH THE REST OF THE TRASH! GO BACK TO YOUR OLD RACKET, MICKY! COUNTERFEITING! USE YOUR HANDS ON SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES MY CUSTOMERS' PAGES!



THAT NO GOOD, DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL GET A JOB WITH RAND'S OUTFIT! OR-W MY HEAD!



BUT THE RACKET'S HERE! IT'S MINE TODAY...

NO SOAP, MICKY! YOU KILLED A RAT ONCE WITH THOSE FISTS!

SORRY, MICKY! THE BLACKBALL'S BEEN HUNG OVER YOU!

SCRAM, MICKY! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF YOU!



MONEY WAS THROWN IN THE PACKETS! AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS, JACK SANDRY, MANAGED TO GET HIM A JOB LOADING PAPER AT THE HUDSON PAPER WAREHOUSE.

FORTY BUCKS A WEEK TOTING THIS STUFF AROUND! THIS AIN'T NO DEAL FOR HICKY TOADY! FORTY BUCKS IN PAY AND A HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF SWEAT!



HEY, TOADY SANDRY! GREASE UP YOUR MUSCLES AND MOVE THIS NEW SHIPMENT INTO THE WAREHOUSE!

I'D LIKE TO MOVE THAT SHIPMENT DOWN HIS THROAT!



GOP! THEY MUST HAVE PUT ROCKS INSIDE! SAY... THIS CRATE IS COMING WHAT? I CAN SEE ROLLS OF PAPER INSIDE!



When HICKY SAW THE CONSIGNMENT LABEL ON THE BOX, HIS THROAT WENT BEGAN TO SWIM UNDER THE IMPACT OF HIS DISCOVERY...

CONSIGNED TO FAIRVIEW RACE TRACK ZINBRO! I GOT IT! THESE CRATES ARE JAMMED WITH GENUINE FAIR-MUTUAL TICKET PAPER! FAIRVIEW! BOSTON! HUDSON CONNS! PAPER FOR ALL TRACKS!



ALL DURING LUNCH, HICKY LOOKED AT THOSE CRATES OF FAIR-MUTUAL TICKET PAPER.

JUST ONE CRATE OF THAT PAPER CAN MAKE ME RICH WITH WHAT I KNOW ABOUT COUNTERFEITING! I GOTTA TALK SANDRY INTO HELPING ME!



THAT EVENING, HICKY TOADY WAS DIVING JACK SANDRY MONEY FEVER.

WHAT DO YOU SAY, SANDRY? I'LL BE WORTH A HUNDRED GRAND EASY!

YEAH YEAH, HICKY! I'LL DO IT! WE CAN GET INTO THE WAREHOUSE THROUGH THE SIDE ENTRANCE WHILE THE WATCHMAN AIN'T LOOKIN'! A HUNDRED GRAND... JUST FOR SCRAPS OF PAPER!



AND LATER THAT EVENING, IN THE PAPER WAREHOUSE...

IT WAS A CLINK, SANDRY! THE WATCHMAN AIN'T SPOT US COMING IN!





"MICKY PLAYED IT SMART. HE AND SANDY WENT BACK TO WORK THE NEXT DAY AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED."



"MICKY AND SANDY QUIT THEIR JOBS ONE MONTH LATER, AND ON JULY 18, 1946, THEY OPENED A TRAILER ON A PAVING LOT ACROSS FROM THE FAIRVIEW RACE TRACK."



"BEFORE POST TIME OF THE FIRST RACE THAT DAY, SANDY BOUGHT A TEN DOLLAR WIN TICKET ON EVERY HORSE IN THE RACE."



HERE'S THE WINNING PHOTOGRAPHS, MICKY!

I'LL MAKE THE PHOTOS SO SENSITIVE, AN EXPERT COULDN'T SPOT THEM!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

I RAISED THE
TWENTY OF 'EM.
MONEY! LOOK
AT THIS GREEN
SEEMING DUTTY
BY FANDS!

WE'LL DO
ONE PASS
A DAY!
DON'T WASTE
SPILL. A
GOOD THING,
OH, SANDY?

TABLOID
EXTRA
TRACK OFFICIALS
PUZZLED BY \$4000
LOSS OF MUTUEL
TICKETS IN TWO DAYS

JACK GUNTER, PRESIDENT
OF THE KENTUCKY RACING
ASSOCIATION CALLS IN
STATE AUDITORS TO
CHECK RECEIPTS AND
WILL SHUT DOWN PAR-
MUTUEL MACHINES IF
ANOTHER LOSS OCCURS

SINCE I WAS Hired AS A TROUBLE
SHOOTING SHARPS FOR THE UNITED ASSO-
CIATED RACING TRACKS, THE NEWS GOT
TO ME FIRST. I TOOK A PLANE TO FAN-
VIEW, AND IN JACK GUNTER'S OFFICE...

YOU SEE, MR.
SMITH, THERE
ARE TEN EXTRA
TEN-DOLLAR WIN
MUTUEL TICKETS
IN ONE DAYS
TAKES!

AND NOT A
PROOF IN THE
BUNCH! DON'T
SPILL THIS TO
THE NEWSBOARDS.
NOT YET
ANYWAY!

TWO DAY MONEY BIG MONEY! ANOTHER
SUMM OF GREENBACKS, \$4,000 WORTH!

WAINRA! LIKE I TOLD YOU,
SANDY! WE DON'T WANNA
SPILL A GOOD THING! THE
SMALL TRACKS ARE TOO RISKY!
WE'RE GONNA LATCH ONTO
THE BIG TIME CIRCUIT!
NIXTON, HERE WE
COME!



MICKY'S TAKE AT THE PORTON RACE TRACK HIT THE
THIRTY GRAND MARK. THE TRACK WAS READY TO CLOSE
DOWN, AND IN THE TRAILER MICKY WAS READY TO CLOSE
DOWN ALSO.



SANDY DID RIGHT
HARING EXTRA PASTE
BOARD PASSES!
UH-OH! THERE'S
ONLY ENOUGH PAPER
LEFT TO RUN OFF
A FEW DOZEN
TICKETS!

MICKY! I'VE BEEN
FOLLOWED! THEY GOT
A HUNDRED PRIVATE EYES
OUT THERE TRYIN' TO
SPY US! ONE OF 'EM
FOLLOWED ME HOME!

WHAT!



LOOK! THERE AIN'T
A SOUL IN SIGHT!
ALL THAT DOGS
SPYING YOU MONEY
JITTERS!

I WAS SURE
SOMEONE
TAILED ME
HERE!



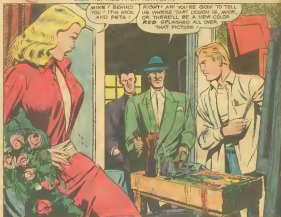




Double-crosser's Reward



"HAVE JOYCE TRIED TO ESCAPE A DANGEROUS TRAP, ONLY TO LEARN THAT THOUGH HE COULD HIDE FROM GUNMEN, AND EVEN FROM HIMSELF, HE COULD NOT HIDE FROM RETRIBUTION."



"MIKE? BEHIND YOU? IT'S NICK AND PETE!"

"ROBERT! ARE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL US WHERE THAT DOUGH IS, MIKE, OR THERE'LL BE A NEW COLOR RED SPLASHED ALL OVER THAT PICTURE!"

"SEE THIS PORTRAIT? IT'S WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TODAY! BUT ONCE IT WASN'T WORTH THE PRICE OF THE FRAME, AND NEITHER WAS THE PAINTER, MIKE JOYCE."



"LET'S GO BACK A FEW YEARS TO TRICK VOLTPE'S GAMBLER TO THE NIGHT VOLTPE WAS OBTAINING THE STRATEGY OF A \$100,000 PATROL ROBBERY."

"I GAVE YOU THE WHOLE 'TEAM' HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SET-UP? EACH GUY KNOWING WHAT TO DO? ANY QUESTIONS?"



"DRAWING THE LIEB MADE OF YOU, 'TRICK' AN' THIS ONE HERE OF LILA, TOO!"



"MIKE" - SHORT FOR MICHAEL ANGIO WAS THE NIGHTMARE VIOLENCE MAN WHO GAVE THE MAN WHO'D KILLED HIS LIFE AND TALENT WITH ALCOHOL. NOW MIKE WAS JUST A NOOD, AND A POOR ONE, AT THAT. THE NEXT MORNING...



"TRICK" HILPER HAD PLANNED WELL AND BLOODILY! THE MEDAN FILL OF MASHED CUMMER NEVER GAVE THE PAYROLL GUARDS A CHANCE.



"VOLPER HAD PREPARED FOR THE CASE
SQUARED. A QUANT TRACK WAS JAMMED
ROLL SPEED AT THE GATE."



"TWO MINUTES LATER, VOLPER'S CAR RAN A GANTRY
OF DEADLY FIRE FROM THE SURVIVING GUARDS."



"HOUR IT INTO 'EM! WE
GOT 200 BEARD AN' WE
AIN'T GONNA BE
STOPPED NOW!"

"GODDAMN!
T-YACK!
I'M HIT!"

"GODDAMN!
T-YACK!
I'M HIT!"

"HOW
IS
IT,
AL?"
"I-- I DON'T KNOW, TRICK!
I GUESS I CAN CARRY
THE DOUGH BACK TO THE
HANDOUT WHILE YOU TAKE
THE COPPER ON A
WILD-GOOSE CHASE!"



"ANOTHER PIECE OF DECEITRY!
VOLPER'S GEMMA WOULD BE THE
DEEDY CAR, WHILE HARRY WOULD
GET THE PRECIOUS LOT
TO THE HIDEOUT!"



"AL! WHAT
HAPPENED?"
"I-- I CAN'T A COUPLE
OF COP GUYS! GET
US OUT OF HERE!
(GASP!) VOLPER'S
GONNA LEAD THE
BULLS ON A
FALSE TRAIL!"

"BUT WHEN HINE REACHED
THE HANDOUT?"

"AL, FLEE OUT! WE'RE
GASPED! AL!"

"HE'S DEAD! HE DIED
WHILE I WAS DRIVING
HIM!"



"WHEN THE HANDOUT, ITS WIFE'S SHARED
WITH HARRY'S WIFE AND THE
GEMMA'S WIFE'S OF THE'S GEMMA'S
PERIOD. WAS C.A.A. HASTINGS."



"WE GOT THE DOUGH--
BUT AL IS LYING IN
THE CAR, DEAD!"

"IT'S LIKE THE FATES GAVE
US A BREAK! HERE'S OUR
CHANCE TO LEAVE VOLPER
AND THE SOB FOREVER!
WE CAN LIVE ON THAT
DOUGH A LIFETIME,
YOU AND ME!"

"DOUBLE-GODDAMN!
VOLPER! HE'D
HUNT US DOWN
AND KILL US!"



HE'D NEVER FIND OUT I'VE
GOT BIG CHANCE, ANGETTO
GON AWAY TO GET MARRIED.
TO LIVE DECENT LIVES 'YOU
COULD GO BACK TO PAINTING
AND YOU'D STOP DRINKING!

"VOLPERSO SMART!
SOONER OR LATER
HE'D GET US!"

NEVER! WE'D GO ON!
LIVES IN A LITTLE TOWN!
YOU'D PAINT REALLY
PAINT! NOT THOSE HORRIBLE
BOOZY MURALS THE MOB
LAUGHS AT!

"GREAT
ART!"

"MAYBE
YOURSE
RIGHT!"

"SO THEY DROVE OUT OF TOWN THEY
DROVE TILL IT WAS DARK THEN
THEY GOT OUT OF THE CAR WITH
AL'S BODY INSIDE"

WERE NOT FAR FROM
A RAILROAD STATION.
LILA! WE CAN TRAVEL
TILL WE FIND A
TOWN WE LIKE!
THEN WE'LL GET
MARRIED!

"OH, MIKE!
I KNOW
IT'S GOING
TO WORK
OUT!"



"SO IMPORTANT
THINGS HAPPENED
IN THE NEXT
FEW DAYS"

"LILA AND MIKE
GET MARRIED"



"THEY BOUGHT A COTTAGE OUTSIDE
A SMALL TOWN, ANY TOWN"



"AND THEY HAD
THE MARRIAGE"

"I GOT TO MEET THE JONES BOON AFTER THEY
TOOK THE OLD STAGGERS COTTAGE. A POLICE CHIEF
IN A SMALL TOWN CAME ABOARD..."

"OH, MIKE! IT'S THE
CHIEF OF POLICE!
HE WANTS TO
SEE YOU!"

"N-NEE"

"JUST A SOCIAL CALL!
I UNDERSTAND
YOU PAINT!"



"I DON'T KNOW MUCH
ABOUT ART, BUT EVEN
I CAN TELL THIS
ISN'T ORDINARY!"

"THEN IT'S YOURS
TO KEEP, CHIEF!"



"NEXT SUNDAY, AT CHURCH..."

"I SAW THE LANDSCAPE YOU OWN, CHIEF HENDALL, MR. JOYCE. OUR CHURCH HAS BEEN DESPERATELY IN NEED OF SOME MORALS!"

"OUR SCHOOL, TOO, CAN USE SOME PAINTINGS!"

"A WEEK LATER..."

"PHOTOGRAPHERS! I DON'T WANT ANY PUBLICITY!"

"MY, MRS. JOYCE, BUT YOUR HUSBAND'S A MODEST MAN!"

"HAD I KNOWN THEN WHAT I KNOW NOW, I COULD SEE WHY MR. JOYCE WANTED NO PICTURES SHOT OF HIS MORALS!"

"AFTER LOOKIN' FOR THAT DOUBLE-CROSSED RAT FOR TEN MONTHS, THE BEST CLUE TURNED UP ON THE ART PAGES!"

"IT'S A WHAM THING!"

"WE DON'T WANT TO BURY HIM OFF BEFORE WE GET THAT DOUGH! WE'LL BREAK INTO TOWN AND HOLD UP AT A BOARDING HOUSE! THEN WE'LL WATCH MIKE AND LEA DAY AND NIGHT! SLOWER OR FASTER, WE'LL TAP THE BANKROLL!"

"BUT KNOWING TO TRACK VOLPER, THE BOO TOWN POLICE HAD BEEN WATCHING MR. JOYCE SINCE THE ELDOY FINGERL STITCHER THAT TOOK FOUR LIVES ONE DAY. I GOT A PHONE CALL."

"THE HOLDUP HAD ALL OF VOLPER'S TRADEMARKS, CHIEF! WE'VE HAD DETECTIVES ON VOLPER'S TRAIL FOR TEN MONTHS, WAITING FOR A BREAK IN THE CASE!"

"YOU SAY YOU'RE TRAILING VOLPER AND HE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY?"

"RIGHT! WE THINK ONE OF HIS MOB DOUBLE-CROSSED VOLPER, AND THE GANGS OUT TO GET HIM! NOW SODDING VOLPER'S BEEN TRACED TO YOUR TOWN, CHIEF! SO IF THE MOB DOES ANYTHING SHABBY, LET'S KNOW!"

"VOLPER TOOK ROOMS AT RUST MAGNET'S BOARDING HOUSE, AND FOR A WEEK MY DEPUTY WATCHED HIM. BUT VOLPER NEVER SEEMED TO GO OUT. THEN, ONE AFTERNOON..."

"WE CAN'T WAIT FOREVER! MAYBE THE DOUGH AIN'T IN A SAFE DEPOSIT BOX, OR BURIED IN THE WOODS! MAYBE IT'S IN THE HOUSE NECK PETE-- GO IN AND SEARCH IT AS SOON AS THEY LEAVE!"

"WHAT COULD VOLPER BE AFTER IN THIS TOWN?"



ONE OF MY MEN RETURNED FROM THE OFFICE
WALKING SOBERLY'S GUNNERY ENFORCED
THE JOYCE COTTAGE.

THAT DOUGH AINT
NONEER IN THIS
HOUSE! WHO
COULD HE HIDE
IT ANY PLACE
BETWEEN THE
BIG TOWN AND
HERE?

BUT IF HE EVER WANTED
TO GET HIS HANDS ON IT
SUDDENLY! HE'D WANT IT
CLOSE BY! LET'S
LOOK OUTSIDE!



"THAT NIGHT, AT MRS. HAGBERTY'S
BOARDINGHOUSE."

WE TURNED THE
PLACE UPSIDE-
DOWN! WE DON'T
FIND ANYTHING
BUT HIS
PAINTINGS!

THEN GO DOWN TO HIS
PLACE TONIGHT AND
BAGN THE BUCKET
OUT OF HIM!



THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE
JOYCE'S RETURNED
FROM A PAINTING TRIP...



THIS PORTRAIT OF
YOU WILL BE THE
FIRST THING
EVE SEER DONE.
LILA! ANOTHER
DAY, AND IT'LL
BE FINISHED!

WHA? I
WON? PETER!



YOUR MEMOIRS
GOOD! LET'S HOPE
IT'S AS GOOD
WHEN IT COMES
TO KNOWLEDGE!
WHERE YOU PUT
THE DOUGH!

AT MRS. HAGBERTY'S
BOARDINGHOUSE! WE
BEEN WATCHING YOU
KATE, DAY AND
NIGHT!



WHERE'S
TRICK?

I'LL SHOW YOU
WHERE THE
MONEY IS! I
DON'T WANT IT!

HOW DO YOU
LIKE THAT?
IT WAS IN
THE OLD
GARDEN
BUCKET!



IT'S NOW OR NEVER! I KNOW
VOLPER! HE LOVES REVENGE!
THEY'LL KILL US ONCE THEY
GET THE MONEY!



LILA, I'VE GOT TO RETURN THE MONEY TO VOLPER!

NO, MIKE! VOLPER WILL KILL YOU! WE'VE GOT TO HIDE SOMEWHERE ELSE!



"THE DATE WOULD HAVE IT, I REACHED THE JOYCE COTTAGE FIVE MINUTES AFTER MIKE LEFT..."

MRS JOYCE, MY DEPUTY REPORTS THAT SOME GANGSTERS RANSACKED YOUR HOUSE! (GASP) CORPSES! THERE'S BEEN A SHOOTING!

MIKE DID IT IN SELF-DEFENSE! NOW HE'S GOING TO TOWN TO FACE VOLPER! YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM, CHIEF!



"MEANWHILE..."

WHERE'S YOUR MONEY, VOLPER?

NO GUNS, BOYS! WE GOT WHAT WE CAME AFTER!



YOU SURE-FRIG ARE VOLPER!

I HEAR YOU'VE BECOME A GREAT PAINTER! I WOULDN'T WANT TO RUN OUT A GREAT ARTIST!



THAT WOULD BE A CRIME!



"WE GOT THERE JUST IN TIME TO SEE MIKE SAG IN THE DOORWAY..."

MIKE!

CORPSES! FIGHT IT OUT!



I MADE A MISTAKE, H-H-HONEY! (GASP) I TURNED MY BACK ON HIM!

"WHEN THE SMOKES CLEARED, TWO GUNMEN WERE DEAD, AND VOLPER WAS BEGGING FOR HIS LIFE TO BE SPARED..."

THAT'S IT, VOLPER! JUST DROP THE GUN AND BEHAVE!



AND THAT'S HOW THIS MASTERPIECE CAME TO BE HANGING IN MY OFFICE! MRS JOYCE GAVE IT TO ME TO REMEMBER HER BY! BUT IT WAS SPARKED, JUST LIKE THE LIFE OF MIKE JOYCE, WHO COULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT MAN, HAD HE NOT TURNED FIRST TO A LIFE OF CRIME!



The End

CATCH A KILLER

Sheriff Ben Curry had plenty on his mind. His cold blue eyes were clouded with worry, and as he plodded back to his office, he kept shaking his grizzled head wearily.

He'd just come from the village drug store where Clem Lyden, the perpetrator, had dropped dead. The sheriff had only dropped a hint and I knew what he was thinking. That Clem Lyden had been murdered, poisoned. But he had no way of finding out until tomorrow. That's when the coroner, who was away fetching his wife home from a private treatment, would come back.

I knew who the sheriff suspected—Clem Lyden's half-brother, Lad. But the sheriff couldn't prove anything for one whole day, less he be driven down to the county seat, and that would be too late. Because in the meantime there was no way of stopping Lad from drawing all the money out of a joint bank account he had with Clem and in thirty minutes, flapping the one o'clock train out of town.

Lad was the only other man in town who could analyze whatever it was that Clem had drunk. Naturally, under the circumstances, Lad couldn't be trusted to make an honest report. He might even spill the stuff down a drain. The local doctor was the coroner, and like I said, he was out of town, so Sheriff Ben Curry was in a spot.

And that wasn't all, not by a jugful. If you'd been reading the paper, you know about Nick Arndt bustle out of the state penitentiary a couple of days ago. That meant trouble for Sheriff Ben. Plenty of trouble. Because it was Ben's testimony that had sent Nick Arndt to the death house.

I'll never forget it, down there in the county courthouse that day, after the judge passed sentence. Nick Arndt had turned around and looked at Sheriff Ben Curry and sworn that he'd get out somehow and come back and kill him.

So what with Clem Lyden probably murdered, and his half-brother Lad maybe planning to leave, and Nick Arndt on the loose, Sheriff Ben was right smack behind a big black night-bell.

We walked along quietly for a while and finally I asked: "What makes you think Lad would do murder, Ben?"

He studied his beard-stubbed jawbone. "Well," he said, "there wasn't no call for Clem to do the right now."

"Why not?" Lad said. Clem'd always had a bad heart.

That's just it, Sheriff Ben nodded vigorously. "That's what jeopardized me. I was with Clem when the doc gave him a goin' over last week. Said he was sound as a silver dollar. Now, you can't tell me a man a pump'd give out in a week's time. I don't believe it. Besides, I don't trust Lad. He ain't no good."

I agreed with the sheriff on that score. I told him how I'd been down to the county seat a couple of weeks back and seen Lad galloping around with that woman. Bright yellow hair, she had, and enough paint on her face to cover a five-eye barn. Maybe Lad wanted to run away with her, but it still didn't make sense.

"Look, Ben," I said. "According to you, they had a joint account. Why didn't Lad just draw out the money and loose?"

Because he couldn't. Both of 'em had to countersign checks, or pass if one died. That was their arrangement with the bank.

"Then why don't you hold him on suspicion?" I pressed.

Sheriff Ben shook his head. His voice was heavy. "I don't. I ain't even proved there was a murder yet. You can't hold a man on suspicion of a crime less a you're sure it happened. That's the law."

I shrugged. Election was coming up soon. If it turned out there had been a murder and Ben had let Lad get away, it would look bad, maybe bad. We left the dusty street and climbed onto the narrow porch leading to the sheriff's office. Ben pushed his way in with the dogging his gun. I put my hand behind me to close the door, but it wasn't there. It had already swung shut. At the door I twisted a look and there he was.

Nick Arndt. A dark-haired, black-necked villain. His voice was hoarse and flat and expressionless, except for the twisted grin on his slit of a mouth. And in each of his big hands he held a gun.

"Hello, Curry," he said.

Sheriff Ben turned slowly and his blue eyes opened wide. For a second he was silent and then he said: "So you got here after all, eh, Nick?"

"You know I'd come."

"Yes, I know it."

Nick Amick gave a short harsh laugh. "I promised I'd come back and tell you, Carry. I always keep my word." He looked at me. "What's this old spot?"

"Just a friend," Ben said. "You don't have to harm him."

Nick Amick laughed again. "Don't worry. He won't feel a thing. Too bad, old timer. Too bad you had to burp in on us. But you've served your time. You won't mind checking out with the sheriff here."

I didn't say anything. It felt like a cold hand had got hold of my stomach and was squeezing it. I wasn't exactly scared, but nobody'd ever gotten' lead pumped into 'em. Nick Amick was gone' to kill as both I knew that. I was sure of it. He'd smoke us down just as cold blooded as he'd shot that bark guard at the county seat that day when Sheriff Ben'd happened along.

Ben had made a mistake that day. He'd brought Nick Amick down with a bullet hole in the right leg. Ben was too soft about killers'. He shouldn't have Amick clean through the heart. He shouldn't killed him right there on the spot. If he had we wouldn't be in trouble now. And he wouldn't have saved the state a job.

Nick Amick dropped one of his guns in his pocket and cased around behind Ben. He took Ben's gun out and tossed it clattering into a corner. Then he tilted around in front and faced us. He was grinning. He was having a good time. anybody could see that.

Ben wet his lips and said softly. "All right, Amick. Go ahead. Shoot and get it over with."

"Yeah, sure," Nick said. "Right away. I want to watch you squirm a little. Go ahead, Carry. squirm. You're gonna die in a minute."

I thought if he was waitin' for Ben to show fair, he'd better sit down and make himself comfortable. You couldn't see a muscle move in Ben's heavy face. He just stood there, those innocent eyes of his blinkin' and stavin' at Nick Amick with the same look he'd have if he was readin' a quiet page in the Bible.

Amick lifted his chin and pulled back the safety catch. He held it steady, testing the trigger tension. His voice was soft and patronizing when he spoke.

"Back in that death house," he said, "just before they hang you, they give you one last wish. Now, let's do this legal like. What's your last wish, Carry?"

Ben said: "I'd like a drink."

The grin widened. "You need something to back you up, hey, Carry? Okay, sure, where is it? I'll have a drink with you. Your pal here can have one too."

"He don't drink," Ben said. "He's a teetotaler."

Amick shrugged. "Okay. Where's the liquor,

Carry? No ticks now, or I'll blast you fast as you can wink."

"There's a pint bottle in my back pocket."

Amick waved his gun at me. "Get it, old timer."

Ben made a half turn and showed me the bulge on his hip. The neck of the bottle showed above his pants pocket. I pulled it out and gave it to Ben. He unscrewed the cap and put the bottle to his mouth, took a healthy swig. Then, without a word, he squared his shoulders and held the bottle out to Nick Amick.

"Get it for me, old timer," Nick ordered.

I brought him the bottle. He got his mouth around the neck, holding the bottle with his left hand, his right keeping us covered with the gun, and those cold gray eyes of his squinted at the same level. He didn't tilt his head, only the bottle. He drank.

When he finished he tossed the half empty bottle to the floor and said. "Which of you gentlemen prefer to go first?"

He brought his eyes around to me. My knees went a little weak and I could feel my throat tie up into a knot. Nick Amick was talking again. "I guess I'll take you first, old timer. I want Carry to see how it works."

His gun came around and I saw his trigger finger tense and waver. And all the time he was smiling. But it didn't convince me at all. I couldn't talk myself into that's a

Off in the distance I heard the sharp blast of a train whistle. And as if that whistle was a signal, the strangest thing was suddenly taking place before my eyes.

Nick Amick had dropped his gun. His fingers reached up and clamped at his throat. His eyes bulged, the pupils dilated. He made a horrible, rasping noise. His mouth sagged open and his tongue, white and coated, lolled way out. He doubled over, clenching at his belly.

Then he fell kicking to the floor and in a moment he was stretched out, lying quite still. Sheriff Ben Carry started racing for the door, paying no more attention to Nick Amick than if he was a dead spider.

"Where you going, Ben?" I called, dazed.

"To stop Led from catching that train," he yelled. "Led murdered Clem all right. The poison was in that bottle I took from the store near where Clem had fallen. I didn't take a drink at all. I only tasted it . . ."

And all I saw was a cloud of dust where Sheriff Ben Carry was pulling up to the station ahead of the train.

THE END

The Twin's Crimson Road

WHEN WILL YOU BE FINISHED WITH THAT CRIME FEATURE, CRANE? WE'LL NEED IT FOR THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE SECTION!

PRETTY SOON, BOSS! IT'S ALL LAID OUT NOW. I'LL HAVE IT IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!



"THIS WAS AN ASSIGNMENT-- OF A CRIME STORY, THE MOST DRAMATIC ONE I CAME ON IN MY TWENTY YEARS OF CRIME REPORTING-- AND IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO DECIDE WHICH IT WOULD BE! THIS ONE-- ABOUT A YOUNG DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND TWO BROTHERS-- THREE, NAMED FRED AND GEORGE MORLEY. THE STORY I HAVE CALLED, 'NOT HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER!'"

"FRED AND GEORGE MORLEY LOOKED ALIKE, BUT THEY WERE AS DIFFERENT AS TWO WORLDS! GEORGE WAS A CHEERFUL, PEASANT-KID-- FRED, MEAN AND CULLEN, ALWAYS GETTING INTO SOME KIND OF TROUBLE..."

FRED: WHY DID YOU BREAK THOSE VASES? YOU'RE ALWAYS DOING SOMETHING DESTRUCTIVE!

BUT, MAMMA, FREDDIE DIDN'T BREAK THEM-- I DID! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I... I BUMPED INTO THE TABLE, AND THEY FELL OFF!



WELL, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH YOUR ROOM! THERE'LL BE NO MOVING FOR YOU BOTH THIS SATURDAY!

ALL RIGHT, MAMMA! COME ALONG, FRED!





I DIDN'T ASK YOU TO COVER UP FOR ME - YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO GET IN GOOD WITH MAMMA!

THAT WENT SO, FRED! I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE YOU GET PUNISHED AGAIN! YOU TOOK THOSE WAGES AND BROKE THEM ON PURPOSE! WHY?



BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE IT! AND I'LL DO WHATEVER I FEEL LIKE DOING!

YOU'LL ONLY GET INTO TROUBLE IF YOU CONTINUE LIKE THIS! I WON'T ALWAYS COVER FOR YOU!



AS THE YEARS WENT BY, THE TWO BROTHERS FELL IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL - BEAUTIFUL HELEN MORRIS

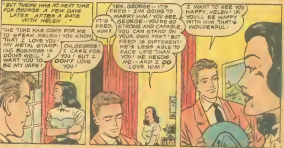
HELEN, I HAVE TICKETS FOR THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY THAT'S OPENING TONIGHT! HOW ABOUT GOING WITH ME?

I'M SORRY, GEORGE! BUT FREDDIE ASKED ME TO THE COUNTRY CLUB DANCE, AND I ACCEPTED! MAYBE NEXT TIME, GEORGE!



THAT'S ONE TIME YOU DIDN'T WIN, GEORGE! RALF!

HELEN HAS THE RIGHT TO MAKE A CHOICE! THIS TIME IT WAS YOU - MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL BE THE LUCKY GUY!



BUT THERE WAS NO BEST TIME FOR GEORGE - A FEW DAYS LATER - AFTER A DATE WITH HELEN -

THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO SPEAK, HELEN! YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU! MY MENTAL STAMPING BUSINESS IS DOING WELL! I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE!

OH, GEORGE! I CARE FOR YOU! BUT I DON'T LOVE YOU!

YES, GEORGE - IT'S FRED! I'M GOING TO MARRY HIM! YOU SEE, GEORGE - YOU'RE SO STRONG AND CAPABLE, YOU CAN STAND ON YOUR OWN FEET! BUT FRED IS DIFFERENT! HE'S LESS ABLE TO FACE LIFE THAN YOU! HE NEEDS ME - AND I DO LOVE HIM!

I WANT TO SEE YOU HAPPY, HELEN! IF YOU'LL BE HAPPY WITH HIM, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

"AFTER HELEN REJECTED HIM, GEORGE TURNED ALL HIS ENERGIES TO HIS MEDICAL STAMPEDE BUSINESS. HE SOON BAIT HIS BROTHER, AND HELEN THEY ONE DAY, SIX MONTHS AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE."



GEORGE!
I NEED
HELP!



WHAT
HAPPENED,
FRED?

I OWE BEN ANTHONY MONEY—A
THOUSAND! I COULDN'T PAY,
AND HE SET HIS THUMB ON ME!
THIS IS ONLY A WARNING.
GEORGE! IF I DON'T PAY
UP, THEY'LL KILL ME!



OKAY, FRED! I'LL PAY ANTHONY!
I NEED A GOOD ASSISTANT
HERE! HOW ABOUT IT, FRED?
YOU AND ME—WORKING
TOGETHER! WE'LL BUILD
SOMETHING BIG!

IT'S
A DEAL!

HELP ME OUT
THIS ONCE,
GEORGE! I'LL
SETTLE DOWN!
I'LL GET GAMBLING!
I'LL GET A JOB!

"GEORGE AND HIS BROTHER'S DEBT AND
TOOK HIM INTO THE ROOM. AFTER THREE
MONTHS HE DISCOVERED THAT NOTHING
HAD CHANGED. FRED WAS STILL THE SAME."



HAVE YOU HEARD FROM
MY BROTHER, MISS
BRACKET? THE FIRST
ORDER WAS TO GO
OUT, AND I CAN'T
SHIP UNTIL HE
COMPLETE
TRANSPORTATION
ARRANGEMENTS.

I'M SORRY,
MR. MURLEY,
BUT THERE'S
BEEN NO
WORD!



HE HADN'T BEEN IN THE OFFICE FOR
THE PAST WEEK! I'LL HAVE TO FIRE
HIM! I'LL GO OVER AND HAVE A TALK
WITH HELEN! MAYBE SHE CAN
STRAIGHTEN HIM OUT!



"FRED, HOWEVER, WAS CONCERNED WITH A BUSINESS
VENTURE OF HIS OWN. A PARTNERSHIP DEAL WITH
HIS FORMER ENEMY, BEN ANTHONY."

LOOK, BEN—THIS TOWN IS
WIDE OPEN FOR A PROTECTION
RACKET! THE WAY THEY'RE
CRACKING DOWN ON
GAMBLING, THERE
WOULDN'T BE ANYTHING
LEFT IN A COUPLE
OF MONTHS!

YOU'RE RIGHT! THAT
NEW D.A., MARINE
LEONARD, IS PUTTING
THE PRESSURE ON!

WE CAN START RIGHT AWAY! WE'LL HIT THE DRY CLEANING BUSINESS FIRST! YOUR BOYS KNOW HOW TO PULL A SHakedown! SEND 'EM OUT, BEN!



YOU'RE KIDDIN', BEN! I CAN'T! YOU REMEMBER THAT BEATING YOU GOT A COUPLE OF MONTHS BACK? DON'T YOU WELL, THAT'S ONLY A SAMPLE IF YOU TRY TO PULL A DOUBLE-CROSS!



NO MORE WENT OUT, FOR HE PULLED BEN ANOTHER!



WE REPRESENT THE DRY CLEANING PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION! FROM NOW ON YOU PAY US ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK IF YOU WANT TO STAY IN BUSINESS!



YOU BUNK! GET OUT OF HERE!



ALL RIGHT, BOYS! GET TO WORK!



"THESE BEGIN THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF BRUTAL BOMBINGS AND ROBBERY TERRORISM THAT SHOOK THE CITY IN A NEVER-ENDING PATTERN."



"AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSION DISTRICT ATTORNEY, MR. LEONARD, A SURVING DEAL-LEADER WAS BORING AT THE DANGERS..."

"WE CAN PRETEND THIS, BOB! I'M NOT GOING TO REST UNTIL THIS MESSAGE IS COMPLETELY WIPED OUT OF OUR TOWN!"

"GOOD EVENING, MR. LEONARD! WE'LL GIVE THAT STATEMENT A BIG PUNCH!"



"MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, A LITTLE DRAMA WAS UNFOLDING: A DRAMA OF GREED AND HATRED..."

"I WONDER, WHY FRED ASKED ME TO COME DOWN HERE? HE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT!"



"FRED? HMA...?"

"THIS IS IT, BEN! FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE OUT OF THE PICTURE-- PERMANENTLY! I'M GOING TO BE IN THE SADDLE! I'M TIRED OF THE WAY YOU PUSH ME AROUND!"



"DON'T BE A FOOL, KID! I'LL GIVE YOU THE FAT SHARE! I'LL AAAH!"

"THEY'LL NEVER PIN THIS ON ME! NOBODY KNOWS YOU CAME DOWN HERE!"



"AND WITH BEN ANTHONY'S DEATH, FRED TOOK THE CONTROLS..."

"IT'S LIKE THIS, BOYS! I'M IN CHARGE, SEET! AND WE'RE SPREADING OUT! YOU KNOW MY BROTHER, RUNS A NICE LITTLE MACHINE SHOP! HE'S ABLE TO PAY QUITE A BIT!"



"SET DOWN THERE! HE'S WORKIN' LATE TONIGHT! YOU'LL FIND HIM ALONE IN HIS OFFICE! THE'LL TEACH HIM TO RUN TO MY WIFE BEHIND MY BACK, THE CRAWNY INFORMER!"



"ALONE, AND LATE AT NIGHT, GEORGE WALKED OVER THE FARM HOUSE, AND FOUND SOMETHING THAT CALLED HIS BLOOD..."

"FRED'S BEEN ROBBING ME AND MAKING FALSE ENTRIES! HE'S ROTTEN-- ROTTEN TO THE CORE!"





"IN THE STARTLING MOMENT OF ACTION, TWO OF THE GANGSTERS FLED, WHILE THE THIRD CHARGED WITH A BULLET IN HIS CHEST!"



MR. LEONARD, THIS IS GEORGE MORLEY! I THINK I BAGGED ONE OF THE SHAKEDOWN GANG! GET OVER HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN!



"SOON, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY WAS ON THE SCENE, AND..."



I'M SORRY
YOU HAD TO
FIND OUT
ABOUT IT
THE WAY!
WE'RE GOING
TO ARREST
YOUR
BROTHER!
HE'S NO GOOD!
HE NEVER WAS!
ALL RIGHT! LET
HIM BE
PUNISHED!
YOUR BETTER
GO TO HIS
HOUSE FIRST!
I'LL WAIT
HERE FOR
YOUR CALL!



ALL RIGHT, MEN! LET'S GO!
HARRISON, SEE THAT THE
PERSONNEL IS TAKEN TO
THE HOSPITAL! THE
REST OF YOU COME
WITH ME!



AND BOO!

NOW, BE ON YOUR
TOES, BOYS! HE
CAN TURN OUT PRETTY
DANGEROUS!



AND INSIDE THE HOUSE:
GO AHEAD, ANSWER THE
DOOR, HELEN! BUT BE
CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY!
IT MIGHT BE THE COPS!



POLICE! I
FRED, WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
WITH THAT
GUN?



GOING IT FOR INSURANCE!
IF IT AS THE COPS, I'LL
KILL YOU FIRST! YOU'RE MY
HOSTAGE, DARLING!



YOU'RE MAD! WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE?
OH, FRED!



SHT UP AND
ANSWER
THE DOOR!



FRED MOBLEY, YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST! GARDEN
WAS CAUGHT! HE
TALKED!



IF YOU MOVE A
MUSCLE, I'LL KILL
HER! NOW STAND
CLEAR! I'M
COMIN' OUT!



IF YOU MOVE A
MUSCLE, I'LL KILL
HER! NOW STAND
CLEAR! I'M
COMIN' OUT!





AND THAT'S THE STORY OF THE TWO BROTHERS. THERE IS A SECOND... FRED, EVER UNFORGIVABLE, WAS KILLED IN A PRISON BRAWL. WHILE HELEN, WHO STILL LOVED HIM, TRIED TO ROCKET. AND GEORGE WAS ALWAYS THERE TO COMFORT HER.



New Reducing "Miracle"

"DROPEX" REDUCING COCKTAIL

(Reduces Excessive Appetite)

Proved by Doctors to Reduce Weight
9 lbs. in 4 weeks . . . 15 lbs. in 2 months !
 — by Reducing Desire to Overeat

Clinical Tests Prove Use of "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail Resulted in Weight Losses Averaging 3 lbs. per week

By cutting desire to overeat.



If you are overweight due to overeating and want to lose 9 to 15 pounds, try "DROPEX." Just add a dropperful of the new "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail to your favorite drink before each meal and let "DROPEX" curb your excessive appetite.

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail has been proven by doctors who tested it on a group of normal overweight men and women. The doctors' tests showed a safe, steady reduction of weight every week with "DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail. Average losses were 9 lbs. in 4 weeks and 15½ lbs. in 2 months.

Naturally, weight losses vary in individual cases. In clinical tests "DROPEX" was consistently successful. "DROPEX" may not be consistently successful in all cases, but you take no risk in trying "DROPEX" on our Money Back Guarantee. You have nothing to lose but fat—so easily, so safely, so pleasantly.



"DROPEX" is new and different . . . pleasant, longy taste.

In Doctors' Tests "DROPEX" Users Lost Average of 3 Pounds Per Week

—Without Special Diet
 —Without Exercise

"DROPEX" Reducing Cocktail was carefully tested on a group of overweight men and women. The doctors, from taking "DROPEX" weighed the doctors' patients, the men, as well as the overweight men and women. Many of the people who took "DROPEX" had used other products without success. For example, "DROPEX" (the average weight loss was 3 pounds a week over an eight week period).

All the overweight people who were to add a dropperful of "DROPEX" to their favorite drink before each meal. No diets or special eating plans were prescribed. The doctors weighed the men, women, and men, weight in the case of "DROPEX" which curbed the excessive appetite.



ENTIRELY DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU HAVE EVER TRIED !

Add "DROPEX" to fruit or vegetable juice, soft drinks, alcoholic beverages to plain water.



In clinical tests on both men and women, weight losses averaged 3 lbs. per week with

"DROPEX"
 REDUCING COCKTAIL **\$2.98**



Cut out coupon now as a reminder to get "DROPEX."

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

We guarantee your money back if "DROPEX" does not reduce your weight WITHOUT ANY SPECIAL DIETS !

CHARM COMPANY, Inc. A-C-S

408 Madison Ave New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me _____ bottles of DropeX Reducing Cocktail, at \$2.98.

- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman plus postal charges.
- ☐ I enclose payment. You pay postage.
- ☐ Send 3 bottles for \$8.97 (1 free when you buy 2).

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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NOEL DELUXE
FEATURES CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
27 light and cards—including
color and gold printing and velvet
heavy cardstock



FUN & PLenty
CHRISTMAS COMIC ASSORTMENT
Marvel cartooned cards with no good
and bad, any make, color, gold, and
comedy illustrations, ideal for
1 male girls and 20 girls



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GIFT WISHING
(GREEN)
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20 x 20
decorative variety
of designs—color
matching cards
and gift tags



GIRLS BEST
CHRISTMAS
ASSORTMENT
Specially illustrated
colorful cards
with pictures, text
and designs



FAIRY STORYLAND
CHRISTMAS ASSORTMENT
Colorful Fairy design,
dainty mythical borders,
picture text



FAVORITE
ALL OCCASION
ASSORTMENT
Seasons, Birthday,
Get Well cards of
various beauty and size



\$35.00 IS YOURS

for selling
only 50 boxes of
our 300 Christmas card
line. And this can be done
in a single day. Free samples.
Other leading boxes
on approval. Many surprise
items. It costs you
nothing to try. Mail
coupon below today.



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Please send samples and full details of your easy money making plan

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